

nox



LILITH
clavicula nox

ISSUE IV



The Night-Star

Her blood dripping from Crescent Moon
The Stryx-Owl screeches her Herald.
The Maiden comes as Queen of Night.
To feed on Unsatisfied Desire
Given by the brood of Adam
GodSonBastard.
Her Sea is Red with blood from the
Children of Man.
To sustain Her Children
She cries crimson tears
For undead children of the Night.
I feed to feed Her
And Right the Wrongs of Men.
I give my essence
Given from Them.

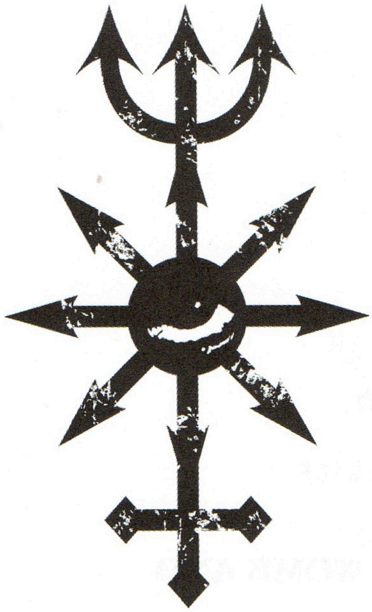
Ave Lilu Lilitu
Lilit Reginam Aeternum Noctis

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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I

An Imperative Truth

-Lilith-

"...for to gaze into the eyes of Lilith, is to reveal yourself to a new light. And one which doesn't cast any shadow. For, in essence, you become Shadow itself. Not lost, but finally freed and found. A newer Self devoid of any Ego whatsoever. This is Who you shall meet at the end of all crossroads..."

Love & Hate - two volatile notions amongst many defining extremes; still limited, however, to our *Prism Concrete Reality*'s perception (PCR). As a whole, these emotions are fully embodied and yet vanish instantly when faced with Lilith's reflection. A reflection which uncovers the raw and primal aspects of the *Nightside* altogether. It is rather easy to see beyond the *Veil* when granted the privilege to look with Her eyes upon the whole of *Creation*. *Time* becomes less & less linear but suddenly presents itself as many superposed layers of past and future possibilities regularly actualised by our own accord in the present tense. *Space* also seems to become gently distorted and less concentric, enabling us safe passage through the cosmic barrier of the *Tetragrammaton*.

Whether we give Her real strength, utmost ambition, divine serenity, insane outbursts of rage, dominant prescience or mother-like compassion; Lilith stands for *All of the Above* and even more. She wears many faces (masks if you will), yields many consequences in Her worship and bears many names & adjectives. These are not meant to confuse the lower species of mankind, but rather give us contexts for us to relate and understand various precepts that are, when vulgarising, merely transcendental; thus enhancing our power to communicate with the *Beyond*; the *Source* & the *Akosmic Womb*.

You shall find HER, trampling and devastating under the wrathful traits of **KALI**. You shall come across HER, guarding a silent tomb for *aeons* with steady patience for daring *mortals* to come and greet HER as **QUEEN HEKATE**. You shall find HER moving sensually, whoring HERSELF and roaming the Earth, mourning the *sins of humanity*, bearing the weight on HER shoulders as most are cursing HER name: **LILITH**. Or you shall finally taste partial fragments of HER undeniable *Wisdom* once **SOPHIA** shall embrace you. And from places unseen, a painful bliss shall empower your mind; either you'll crumble ethereally only to be reborn anew, bearing the *unignited Black Flame* inside of you, or you'll simply perish at its mere sight. It's up to you.

MAHAKALI: *Of Ashes & Rebirth. Phoenix*-like and yet black as a dark onyx, HER burden is of a distinct kind of *Fire. Mother-goddess,* KALI is a war-like force to be reckoned with, able to bend the *PCR* as SHE pleases. Through destruction, SHE's the *redeemer of the universe* and the *Tantric* belief best described as "*Supreme Brahman*": ruling over the finite, subjective and ontological reality which is the divine ground of all matter & energy *(etc.)*. The authority is HER's to burst the doors wide-open and emancipate us all. [- GNOSTIC HINDUISM]

HEKATE: *A Three-branch Crossroad.* Originally symbolic of wilderness and untamed areas, SHE used to insure safe journey into foreign territories. Until the "*Chaldean Oracles*" [- PTOLEMAIC ALEXANDRIA], deemed valid to condone HER ways as *The Way of lost souls, the Dead and the Underworld. Virgin goddess*, now *Queen of Ghosts* forced to exile in a labyrinth of knowledge through which SHE could well possibly lead mankind straight into the *lunar flame* itself. SHE's the epitome of self-sufficiency in its purest and proudest form.

SOPHIA: *The Red Rationale.* Under HER ophidian properties (disguise), SOPHIA ultimately becomes LILITH [- Talmudic Kabbalistic Traditions]. And SHE has been judged as such since times immemorial. VOH-EEN from *Eden* [- ENOCHIAN] or an anthropic expression of the *True Alpha & Omega* [- NAG HAMMADI]; SHE offered us the gift to lift the opaque membrane of innate indoctrination, supposedly crafted from YHWH to protect us, revealing the *One Lie*. True *Free Will* exists only outside the boundaries of the *egocentric cosmic god.*

SHE's born out of fiery passion as a *Rubra Draconis*; blood-red and vengeful. *Blood*: with it, women bring *life* into this world as opposed to man, who sheds it to bring *death*. And in symbiotic relationship they meet to synthesize. Survival can also be one of LILITH's many faces and often *survival* is closely related to *rebellion*. *That* is what always terrified the *Powers that be*: the ecclesiastic ministries, governments and well-defined organisations of moral rectitude, for instance. SHE's dangerous, no doubt, and to them, wicked (heretic). Because SHE also represents instinctual independence and not quiet obedience over which One can have total command.

Persisting to demonise HER nowadays however, under the seemingly rightful stipulation that she might be LUCIFER's infernal bride or worse, SATAN's female counterpart is completely irrelevant as to which grander scheme SHE's always been a part of. Something truly lying infinite, above and under *god* himself; unknown and feared as such. A most lethal purveyor of constant

holy frustration for the *Demiurge*. Naturally, such a menace, especially for a *(demi)god*, needs to be taken care of… The disposal of such a wretched "*creature*" is, for such a deity, crucial.

The jealousy of *god*, allowing no other alternatives besides *him*, explains such drastic measures undertaken by *him* against the feminine, driving force of LILITH. "*For thou shalt worship no other god: for the Lord, WHOSE NAME IS JEALOUS, is a jealous God: Lest thou make a covenant with the inhabitants of the land, and they go a whoring after their gods.* [EXODUS 34:13-15]"

Nevertheless, long gone are the days when "*...they (women) were submissive to their own husbands, like Sarah, who obeyed Abraham and called him her master.* [PETER 3:3-6, NIV]." Long gone and revoked are the days of *Sarah*'s children, even if such a psychological hold over women did work for a few centuries. Which of course, as the old adage goes, only made the paradigm stronger and more pertinent. An age of *emotional Freedom* and *Acausal plenitude* was direly needed indeed.

Herein lies the irony and one very poignant dilemma for the *Creator*. His methods of "dealing" with such issues normally revolves around two options; to control or to eradicate. Not only did he find in LILITH, yet again, proof of an *Adversary* surpassing his sovereignty but he also has to face the fact that he lost critical significance in the evolution his own bastard sons and daughters. Letting us fly with our own wings never was a plan he devised for us.

You see, LILITH is a part of every woman on this Earth and *they* are as one with HER likewise: life-giving, caring and nurturing entities. Meaning One cannot simply "remove" the so-called "*Lilith syndrome*" without ending *Life* as a whole. *God* knows and thus *god* chooses to remain impotent; wishing, dreaming, hoping for a solution… which in the end shall never come. His sacred pride being so great that the mere whispered thought of an unlawful, *chaotic gnosis* subsisting, shakes the very core of his existence, a whisper and a choice so generously hushed to us by SOPHIA since the very beginning of saintly retribution. Words as weapon and Insight as shield against the *All-mighty Enslaver of Enslavers & Slaves*. King amongst shepherds and sheep, yes... but still fearing the SHE-WOLF lurking in the *Darkness*. LILITH, dead or very much alive, will simply never cease to *Be*. For SHE is a potent part of *Sitra-Ahra*; the *nexus* to our unbecoming and the welcomed return to our initial roots.

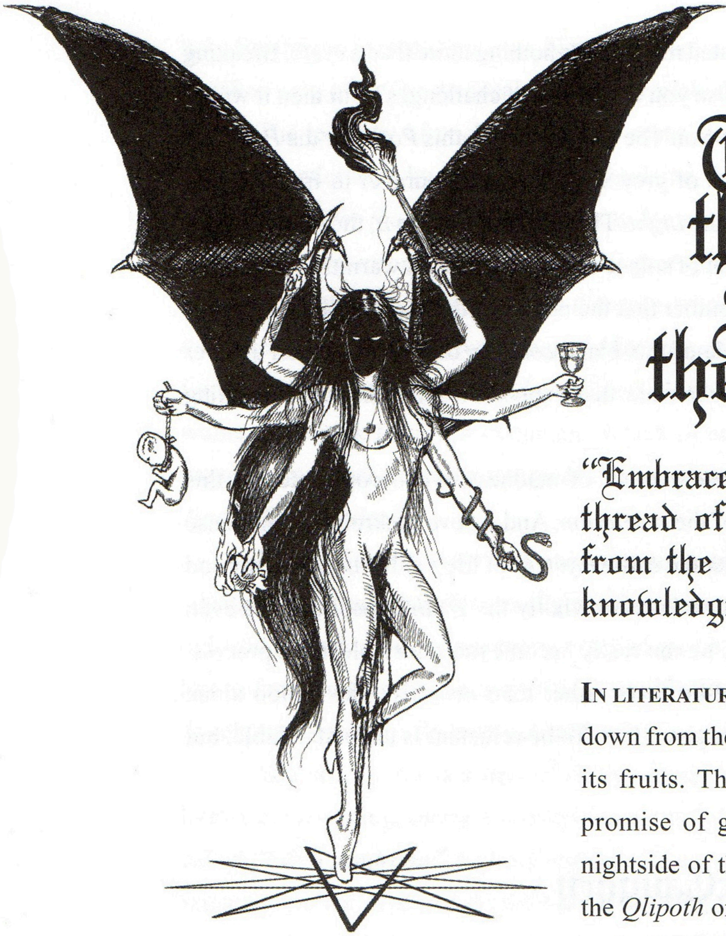
Call HER *salvation into both spirit & flesh*, for no reasons shall be given and yet no judgement shall ever be cast upon thee. As a portrayal of *Sitra-Ahra*'s testament and a manifestation of *An Imperative Truth*; *the Principle of LILITH* shall forever go on. You cannot rightly kill *Love* as much as you can murder a *Lover* or crush *Hate* as if it was an *Enemy* of skin tissues, tubes and fat... can you? Well, the same goes for the *Left-Handed principle* of LILITH... in all its pitch black glory. Pure *Khaos*, bearing all sides, angles and answers for questions and problems that may need spiritual solving. To the blinds of the PCR *(Prism Concrete Reality)*, SHE'll always be perceived as some random and lingering hypothesis. Let them gaze upon *Nothingness,* into the *Abyss* with sheer terror. After all, they are cheerfully justifying their journey towards self-destruction and it should be of no concern whatsoever to the *Initiates*.

The futility of material beingness and its castrated mentality is nothing more than a *cycle*. Breaking free of the shackles is not at all impossible; else you are scared of challenges? But then it would also mean that you are *weak*, and as such, you won't be able to choose this *Path*, for the *Path* will shut itself to you instead. The various shades of grey shall gradually unravel in front of you, only, if you slowly but surely step away from the *Light*. The closer you are to *it*, the more dazzled you become. And yes, you may find some kind of solace in *its* insignificant warmth; fight it! It's a simple natural progression really. Just remember that the narrower the *Vision*, the more you'll feel alienated and afraid of what lurks outside of this banal *cosmos,* offered to you on a silver platter. On the other hand, LILITH offers a variety so wide, that it appears disorienting and perplexing to the most stoic minds.

What can drive an individual to the very brink of madness, when confronted to this *epiphany*, is the sheer violence and honesty of the *revelation*. And a *Love* so strong (in the sense of *dedication*), it shines a new kind of *light* over the entire *mystery* of life's suffering, disarray and sorrow; making it very hard for One to figure and accept wholly the *Truth* transpiring and even eaking from within (inherent to the *Adepts)*. One can easily become most unstable in the process.

Try to fathom *Pain & Bliss* as blood-brothers rather than *nemesis*. The notion alone ILITH) is not for everybody to grasp, that's a given fact. To be reluctant is understandable, but norant nonetheless.

- G. McCaughry -



II

The Whore, the Qlipothic Womb and the Ruby Elixir

"Embrace your shadows. Then pick up the thread of your life and I will lead you from the labyrinth into the light of self-knowledge, the supreme spiritual goal."

In literature and art Lilith is often presented as coiling down from the Tree of Knowledge and tempting man to eat its fruits. The Tree of Knowledge which contains the promise of godhood is sometimes identified with the nightside of the Qabalistic map of spiritual progress. It is the *Qlipoth* or the Kingdom of "shells": the anti-structure to the Tree of Life, which is thought to contain the debris left over from an influx of divine force too strong for the Sephiroth to withstand. It is the realm of demons responsible for all "evil" in the world, the hierarchy ruled by the demon whore Lilith and her consort Samael, who correspond to the act of creation in the form of illegitimate sexuality. Each "shell" or qlipha represents a negative or averse aspect of a particular sephira on the Tree of Life.

On the path through the Tree of Night Lilith is encountered several times. The adept meets her on the very first steps of the initiatory path as the first qlipha which corresponds to Malkuth, the world of matter. The Lilith qlipha represents the wild and carnal aspects of the Left Side and opens the gates to the nightside of existence. Here Lilith is the Mother Earth in her wildest and most violent aspects. Ancient myths present these qualities as destructive storms, tornadoes, evil winds, and the wrath of nature. These are the aspects

of the physical that cannot be suppressed or tamed. Even though man might try to contain and lock the force by means of structured civilization, the Mother Earth can open her womb at any moment and devour man's creations. The womb of Lilith is the gate to the nightside presented in myths and legends as the Underworld. It is the grave and the first stage of spiritual transformation. The adept yields to Death and sets on an initiatory journey into the Underworld to find rebirth and the primordial force of self-creation. The Lilith qlipha is the anti-world to the mundane world of humans. It exists within our reach, yet is hidden from the normal perception. One can find it in a state of altered consciousness, in a dream or a trance, through special formulae and meditations. When worlds seem to melt and the borders between the waking and the sleeping disappear, the womb of the Whore can be found in the dark mist that covers the outlines of the mundane. This is the gateway to the tunnels of the Qlipoth, the eternal kingdom of Darkness.

In the Qabalistic interpretation, Lilith was originally associated with the sephira Daath (Knowledge) which existed above Tiphereth (Adam). Lilith's refusal to submit to Adam caused Daath to fall into the Abyss and the original structure of the Tree of Life was broken. As a compensation of the lost Lilith/Daath, Adam received a new consort: Eve or the sephira Malkuth which yielded to the power of the solar, patriarchal force of Tiphereth. In the Qabalistic fourfold distinction Lilith/ Daath corresponds to The Daughter (the other three being: The Father/Chokmah, The Mother/ Binah, and The Son/Tiphereth). Also in the Jewish mysticism we encounter a similar legend: Lilith was originally the Moon which shone with its own force and refused to submit to the power of the Sun. As a punishment, the Moon was deprived of its own light and forced to reflect the rays of the Sun. Regardless of a legend, the final is always the same: Lilith is banished or escapes from the world of Light into the realm of Darkness, the kingdom of the Qlipoth. As *The Zohar* explains: *"After the primordial light was withdrawn there was created a 'membrane for the marrow,' a k'lifah husk or shell, and this k'lifah expanded and produced another, who was Lilith."* In the Zoharic myths Lilith's energy is derived from the resentment and diminishment of the Moon. It is fiery, dark and associated with the night. Her consort Samael is the ruler of all demons, the Prince of Hell, identified with Satan / The Adversary. He unites with the Scarlet Whore, the mother of fornication, and together they represent the Beast, CHIVA or Chioa, whose number is 666 and who resides in the centre of the Tree of Night, the qlipha of Thagirion in the place of the Son. The Beast, Samael, and the Whore constitute the evil Trinity.

Seventeenth-century Qabalists wrote that Lilith was created from "filth and sediment." She is the lowest qlipha, the principle of impurity, the dark counterpart of the sephira Malkuth which is identical with the Shekinah. Lilith therefore is also a form of the Shekinah, the female side of the Divine. Yet, even though they are sometimes identified with each other, they should be rather viewed as counterparts. Lilith holds the Shekinah captured in the dark regions of the world of matter, while the Shekinah wishes to escape and reunite with the Light. They are both aspects of the feminine Self, yet Lilith represents the qualities which Shekinah alone does not possess: the

lunar consciousness and the demonic aspects of sexuality. Lilith is the "mother of mixed multitude," the principle of Life and Death, the Whore and the Earth, the outcast and the initiatrix, the personified experience of the inner Shadow.

In the Qabalah Lilith is the mother of demons, queen of adultery and fornication, ruler of harlots, and the origin of all evil. The first accounts of this mythical character appeared in early Sumerian art and writings. Later her name was associated with the Semitic world Layil, the night. In this form she entered Jewish legends and became one of the central demons in the Jewish mysticism and folklore. She was the first wife of Adam, rebelled against his domination and left the Garden of Eden to settle on the shores of the Red Sea, in the land of Zemargad. There she copulated with Samael / Satan and gave birth to hundreds of monstrous children: Lilim or Lilitu – the demonic succubi: creatures resembling humans, but winged and bestial. She taught them the art of seduction and witchcraft, and through sexual fluids which they gathered from their human lovers she spawned more demonic offspring. It was widely believed that both Lilith and her demonic children haunted the earth at night and visited houses – to strangle newborn children and to obtain male semen. We can trace the development of her myth through art and literature, through mythological, Talmudic and apocryphal sources, which apart from the Sumerian legends include Babylonian texts, Aramaic incantations, Jewish references from the 4th to the 12th century, Renaissance European sculpture and woodcuts, Qabalistic sources, and literature from the 12th century to the present day.

The Lilith qlipha is thought to be the qlipothic womb and the gate to the astral garden of wonders, pleasures and dark fantasies. Not accidentally the second qlipha on the Qabalistic Tree of Night is ruled by Lilith herself in her aspect connected with initiatory sexuality. It is the first astral level and the dark counterpart of the sephira Yesod, and while the meaning of Yesod in the Qabalah is "Foundation", the sphere of Gamaliel is called "The Obscene One", which implies impurity and perversion, especially of sexual nature. Indeed, this qlipothic level is considered a realm of forbidden sexual fantasies and dreams. All hidden and repressed instincts and desires are brought here to the light of consciousness, awakened by the Whore of Hell, the demonic personification of primal instincts, the dark anima of human Self. Entities encountered here are her demonic spawn – succubi and incubi who seduce the adept and guide him through the astral paths of dark instincts, where the Moon drips blood – the mysterious essence of the Dark Feminine, the "ruby elixir" of immortality. Here, on the dark side of the Moon, the spirits for the first time will come to possess the mind of the adept in a mystical erotic union, the *hieros gamos*. Through this union they will teach him how to shape the astral form in which he will travel between dimensions, they will guide his soul through infinite astral worlds, and they will help him discover and develop his spiritual potential contained within sexuality.

Demonic children of Lilith have been a source of great interest for many magicians for ages. A relationship with a succubus or an incubus was in a way a pact with these demonic entities. In

exchange for sexual energy, needed by these vampiric spirits to exist, they were believed to do particular favours to man. According to Kenneth Grant, the succubi and the incubi are aspects of the Shadow, the hidden layer of consciousness, repressed and rejected as too dark and too dangerous. In the book *Cults of the Shadow* Grant describes the cult of Ku, in his view a form of the Fiery Serpent, Kundalini, who appears in an astral shape of a shadow woman or a succubus. A sexual act with such an entity is aimed at confrontation with hidden layers of the subconscious through the control of dreams, in a form of a journey into infernal worlds and encounters with inner fantasies and lusts. According to Grant, "The Chinese Ku, or harlot of hell, is a shadowy embodiment of subconscious desires concentrated in the alluringly sensuous form of the Serpent of Shadow Goddess."

The magic of Gamaliel is connected with sexual religions and orgiastic cults in which blood was an essential element. In ancient cults of female deities the phases of the moon corresponded to the menstrual cycle and to the maiden, mother, and crone aspects of the Goddess. Menstruation was the emblem of death and purification. In this sense Eve represents the fertile phases of the cycle, while Lilith signifies menstruation and her lunar blood is the essence of the Moon of Gamaliel. Vampiric entities which reside there suck the life-force of the Moon and channel it into qlipothic tunnels to nourish forces that are brooding there with the power contained in blood. Eve is the nourishing side of the instinctual feminine, while Lilith is its deathdealing opposite. It is said that her powers are greatest at the instinctual crossroads of a woman's life: at puberty, during pregnancy and menopause, and at each menstruation. Barbara Koltuv describes this phase in the following way: "Hope gives way to despair, and the raging premenstrual witch carries her off to the desolate wilderness and bitterness of the menstrual hut."

The term "menstruation" derives from the Latin *mensis* (month), which also relates to the Greek *mene* (moon). Monthly bleeding was considered a cosmic event, connected with the moon, the lunar cycles and the tides. It was believed that the menstrual cycle was governed by the cycles of the Moon and the blood contained that lunar energy. A woman was believed to be at the height of her power at this time and her lunar blood was used in many kinds of magic. But menstrual blood was also a taboo for many world cultures, especially for religious reasons. Menstruating women were considered dirty, unclean, impure, frightening, dangerous, or deadly. They were secluded until they would return to the state of ritual purity, which was usually marked by a purification rite, such as e.g. the Jewish *mikveh*, the ritual bath. The Book of Leviticus declared that a woman would be ritually impure for seven days during her menstruation, and in the later times this period was increased to twelve days during which sexual contact was forbidden. Menstrual blood was the demon blood and the woman was thought to be possessed by Lilith during her bleeding days. Lilith was believed to cause all impurity in the world. In the *Dictionary of Jewish Lore and Legend* we find a note that in the Middle Ages it was considered dangerous to drink water at the solstices and equinoxes because then Lilith's menstrual blood dropped

down and polluted exposed fluids. Her blood was thought to be so poisonous that even a single drop of it would kill the population of an entire town.

On the other hand, the ingestion of menstrual blood (and other bodily secretions) was practiced in many forms of magic to increase spiritual powers. While the Western "high ceremonial magic" viewed the use of bodily secretions as merely an antinomian and a rule-breaking practice, menstrual blood, semen and urine have been commonly included in the rites and spells of folk magic and witchcraft for centuries. Lunar blood can be used in love or lust spells and curses, for anointing statues and talismans, for consecrating magical tools, and for magical ointments and potions. For a female practitioner menstruation is also a good time for astral work, scrying and divination, or many kinds of personal rituals. Lunar blood (alone or mixed with semen during an erotic ritual act) may be permeated into a piece of fabric and ritually burnt to attract spirits of darkness. The influx of sexual energy is particularly strong at this time and a woman is overly sensitive to astral impulses. Blood draws forth astral entities and manifestations, especially demons of sexuality – the incubi and the succubi, qlipothic vampires, and all kinds of spirits which feed on sexual energy. It is therefore a perfect time to explore the astral realm of Gamaliel, commune with its dwellers and channel the force into other magical operations. Yet, this is also the time of greatest vulnerability, and once the energy is channeled, its level drops down rapidly and cannot be recharged for a while, which the female practitioner might experience as extreme weakness and inability to ground herself. The force of Lilith contains both life and death within, the surge of power and the empty void of spiritual darkness.

In ancient magical traditions menstrual blood was the ruby elixir of life. In India it was called soma and in Greece it was ambrosia, the nectar of the gods. The ingestion of lunar blood is a form of sacred cannibalism. The adept unites with the Goddess not only in a sexual act but also by consuming her energy. Ritual consumption of menstrual blood is common among many left hand path forms of Tantrism. The red colour of blood is the official colour of the *Vama Marga* and the female initiatrix is sometimes adorned with the scarlet flower or she may wear a scarlet robe. Menstrual blood is thought to be especially rich with pure *Shakti* power, possessing magical properties in their own right. Female vaginal secretions are consumed as the pure feminine energy in rites venerating *Shakti*. This fluid is called *amrita*, or "elixir of immortality" and is believed to contain the power transformative of human consciousness, quickening the process of Kundalini, the awakening of the Daemonic Feminine in the male. This female *amrita* is considered most powerful at the time of menstruation. It corresponds to the "ruby elixir" in Western alchemical texts which refer to this mystical substance as the medicine for the soul. Sometimes the adept consumes menstrual blood of the female partner mingled with his own semen during a sexual rite. In a Gnostic grimoire *Liber Lilith* menstrual blood is used to make a red powder potent with magical properties. Dried and mixed with a "white powder" made of male semen and a special oil, it forms a powerful elixir which transforms the body and the soul: increases spiritual powers and

endows the practitioner with superhuman vitality. Western alchemical teachings are the equivalent of the mysticism of the East in which the transformation of consciousness is achieved through the alchemy of internal substances.

A special approach to sexual alchemy is found in the rites of the Hindu Aghori sect. The Aghori sexual rituals were sometimes performed on cremation grounds at night, with both partners seated upon a corpse, to emphasize that the power of *Shakti* is not only life but also death. The cremation ground is the favourite place of Kali, the black goddess of time, death, and destruction, the supreme mistress of the universe. She is associated with Lilith who is also the goddess of necromancy and death rites. On the dark side of the Moon exists the eternal realm of the dead, the Valley of Shadows, ruled by the corpse queen of decay and putrefaction. In this incarnation she is black and terrifying: her eyes are black and cold, her lips drip blood drunk from the wounds of her victims, and her breath carries the stench of death. She is called "The End of All Flesh", for she embodies the eternal principle of putrefaction, when flesh decays and returns to the womb of the Mother Earth. In *Liber Lilith* she presides over shades of the dead and teaches the adept how to commune with those who dwell in the land of sorrow. She is summoned into a corpse of a young woman with whom the adept unites in a necrophilic act of sexual communion in order to learn the secrets of the dead spoken by the goddess who enters the vessel attracted by magical powders and incantations.

Ritual consumption of bodily secretions, especially menstrual blood was regarded by many religions as a deadly sin through which darkness could enter the soul of man. In one of the apocryphal Gospels Jesus condemns this practice as the sin which "surpasses every sin and every iniquity", saying that "men of this kind will be taken immediately to the outer darkness and will not be returned again into this sphere." Sexual elixirs were consumed to transform flesh into spirit, the mortal substance into the immortal psychic force. Menstrual blood was believed to be an outer form of the magical force contained within the eternal feminine principle of the universe. By drinking the ruby elixir the practitioner consumed the transformative energy of the lunar current, the essence of Dark Goddess. This belief is the inherent part of the left hand path philosophies. It was not absent from the Gnostic practice either. Gnostics believed that the ingestion of sexual elixirs would prevent souls from being born into the world of matter and deliver the unborn beings from imprisonment in flesh. In the Gnostic tradition of sex magic and sacred prostitution the color scarlet represented the vulva of a magical whore/consort. Also in the Biblical Apocalypse we encounter the description of the Scarlet Woman as the mother of harlots.

The world of Qlipoth, or the Sitra Ahra (the Left Side) is considered as feminine and Lilith, the demon whore, is viewed as its personification. The left side of the Qabalistic Tree of Life is also feminine and is called "The Pillar of Severity." It contains the sephira Geburah which, according to some Qabalistic theories, was the source of the Qlipoth. The imbalance of the powers of

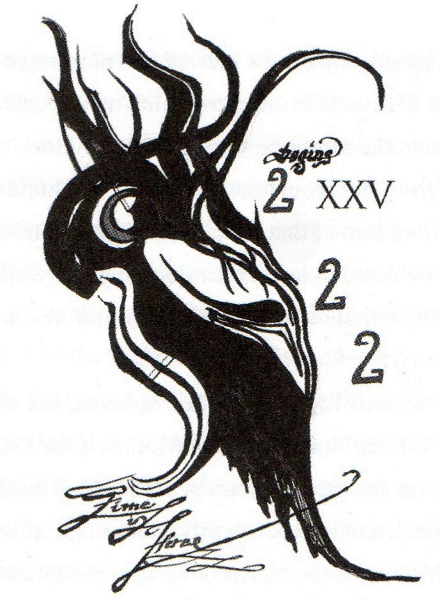
Geburah/Din (judgement/punishment) poured out of the Tree and created the Sitra Ahra, the "other side," or the "left side," which is the kingdom of evil. In Tantrism the left side of the human body is feminine and contains the etheric channel of moon energies (Ida), while the right side is masculine and contains the sun channel (Pingala). The left-sided Ida is red, the right-sided Pingala is white, which corresponds to the ritual intermixture of semen and menstrual blood in Tantric sexual alchemy. In the right hand path rituals a clothed woman, representing the power of *Shakti*, is seated to the right of the male adept. In the left hand path erotic rites a partially naked woman is seated to the left of the male initiate. The sinister current of dark lunar femininity is viewed as negative and the sexual rites of the left hand path are performed in accordance with the phases of the female lunar cycle. Yet, in Tantrism the woman is merely a ritual object. She is venerated as the manifestation of the Goddess/*Shakti* and as the vessel for divine energies, but once the energy is drawn by the male practitioner, she is cast aside. Once he has mastered the yoga techniques, he has no more need of a female partner, for the whole process is re-enacted within his own body. Thus, despite the high symbolic status of a woman in Tantra, the whole theory and practice is rather designed for a male practitioner. There are ritual texts which even demand the actual killing of a priestess to destroy the energy vessel at the closure of the process. A similar approach to the female role in a ritual is presented by the majority of Western ceremonial systems. The Scarlet Woman is an initiatrix needed only at a particular period of spiritual progress, but once this stage has been reached, she disappears from the whole scenario. But Lilith is not merely an aid on the path to enlightenment. She will not lie beneath and she will devour her partner if he refuses to accept her as an equal part of the spiritual whole. Hence her image of a vicious demon, a deadly succubus, a devouring consort, and a strangling mother. Women experience her as the dark shadow of the Self that is married to the devil. It is a hungry and primal form of sexuality: furious, fiery, and wordless state of being. To understand and master one's full spiritual potential the adept must have the knowledge of both Lilith and her demon consort Samael.

Lilith's realm is the wilderness, the place of desolation in the desert by the Red Sea, a wasteland drenched with blood, a lair of wild animals, satyrs, and demons. She is the "Lady of the Beasts" and the wild soul of nature. It is believed that she has the body of a beautiful woman from the head to the navel, but beneath she is the flaming fire or a beast. In the legend of Solomon and Queen of Sheba she has hairy legs – the emblem of her bestial origin. In the land of Zemargad she couples with Samael (or Ashmodai) to beget alien and evil cohorts, destroyers of the world of Above and Below. The Qabalists describe Lilith and her demonic daughters as harlots who fornicate with men. They are the scourge of the desert, the teachers and initiators into the mysteries of sorcery and seduction. Lilith is called the Tortuous Serpent because she seduces men to go in tortuous ways. She is also called the Alien Woman, the sweetness of sin and the evil tongue. And she has many other names and titles which refer to her nature and attributes, such as the Harsh Husk, the Scarlet Whore, the Queen of Harlots, or the Night Hag. These names

signify particular aspects of her nature and can be viewed as a number of distinct entities, unique spiritual beings in their own right. Therefore in one guise Lilith may appear as a tempting seductress and gentle lover, while in another she might be a ravenous vampire. According to *The Zohar*, when Adam decided to refrain from intercourse with Eve for one hundred and thirty years as a penance for their fall, Lilith visited him at that time as he slept. From this union were born the "plagues of mankind." Lilith is believed to lurk under doorways, in wells and latrines, for she is the Impure Woman, and she will continue to lead men astray until the last judgment.

Even though Lilith rules over the two lowest qlipothic spheres, her throne is on the Satariel qlipha, the dark counterpart of the sephira Binah, the Mother. Lilith is the dark mother of the qlipothic kingdom and in this form she meets the adept after he has been reborn and baptized in the black waters of the Abyss. Binah and Satariel signify time and destiny and are associated with goddesses of fate, such as the Moirae or the Norns, who spin the thread of life and cut it when time is due. Lilith resides in Satariel, but like the goddesses of fate, she acts on the lower astral levels where she weaves the threads of destiny like a spider. It is the sphere of Saturn, the universal symbol of death and mourning. Here the adept also meets the terrifying black goddess of time Kali who dances in ecstasy in which she destroys and creates. She will slay the adept to bring him salvation in an ecstatic triumph over death, if only he has enough courage to face the true incarnation of the Dark Goddess.

- Asenath Mason -



Dedicatio Fidelis Lilit

With red lotus bleeding within me,
"Lepaca Kliffoth" hail thee now,
Lilit the wronged one, Lilit the Strong,
Vessel of energy, vessel of Life.

Destroyer Creator, Black Moon Red,
Veiled, Revealing, Radiant, Concealing,
Shekinah – Lilit Deliver us
Sleeping I wake between Life and Death.

I take the Life Source others leave
And with it sacrifice to thee.
I feel your power arise within me,
On my dark wings I soar with thee.

Poor as my words are, notwithstanding
Words are Power, celebrate!
A hymn to Lilit, yet demanding,
I humbly offer, this dedicate.

AVE LILIT!

G~



The Path of Lilit

At night you come,
through Dark Dreams tempting,
Taking Life that I have taken.
Love deeper than subservient Eve
Eros-Thanatos entwine in thee.

Lover of All, lead me.
By your kiss free me
From the bondage of "NO!"
release me to be the All I Am.
Remove us from forced Spiral of Life
To Liberty, released from chains.

Maiden of chaste words, pillar of fire,
Carry the Dragon, embracing all -
Chalice of life for strong desire.
Vinum Sabbati within you fill me.

Mother of the Kinder, Black Concubine,
Lilitu, Lela, Lilit, Ly
Innocent Temptress of Darkened Light,
Lead on to Zemargad, Garden of Delights.

Rebellion! Will and Liberty!
More than equal, Lady Gamaliel
Birth me from the jaws of Malkuth
Sublime within conquers earth.

O Arise!

G-



III

The Bird of the Night Queen

Harbinger of Wisdom and Death

"Wise midnight hags! It is no honest and blunt tu-whit tu-who of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the woodside; reminding me sometimes of music and singing birds; as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings, of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, now expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in the scenery of their transgressions." - Thoreau: Walden

An old folk belief concerning owls, a common view shared by many a culture, is summed thus in the Cambridge Latin Dictionary of 1594: *"Strix, a scritche owle; an unluckie kind of bird (as they of olde time said) which sucked out the blood of infants lying in their cradles; a witch, that changeth the favour of children; an hagge or fairie."* (Quoted by T. Dyer in his *Folk-lore of Shakespeare*, 1883.) No wonder why owl in the demonology is the bird of Lilith, the Night Queen, herself attributed with the very same vampiric attributes. A Latin word *strix*, or owl, actually has meanings of both a sorcerer and a vampire. As any bird species, owls can be seen as soul manifestations (because of the reason we are to discuss shortly); and as the night time predators they manifest more exactly the dark side psyche, man's shadow aspect found not within everyday routines but beyond the daylight of the usual state of mind.

As Goya's famous etching so picturesquely points out, *El sueño de la razón produce monstruos:* "the sleep of reason produces monsters". In this Capricho, we see man's monstrous fantasies hovering about him in the form of giant bats and owls. Particularly before the time of now so common inventions producing light in the night-time, the contrast between day and night was much sharper than today. In the times of that quite close past and especially the times before the so-called *Age of Enlightenment* (indeed), the world was apt to be more dualistic than today, and thus the veil hiding one's subconscious side from his consciousness was usually thicker. There

were not so much relativity and subjective values within the cultural context, not so many shades of grey and nuances of colors as nowadays. And because of that, that which was seen as belonging to the "dark side" or unconsious was usually held as something wicked, and night-time animals were *in esse* evil.

The context of *our* time is the light reaching out to the dark; the morning star rising at the borders of a new dawn. This is why the Left Hand Path prevails and should prevail, and the tradition-bound Right Hand Path wanes in strength. Understanding this we can see great meaning within the animal shapes of nocturnal species, even though - and just because - our time is the one of increasing illumination. This should bring to mind another ambivalent archetype, that of Lucifer, which also is at the same time *"Prince of Darkness"* and *"Light-Bringer"*. Actually both of these are the same, because new light reaches towards the darkness and illuminates its new, unforeseen miracles: and so the new light is at first unavoidably seen within darkness, or as surrounded by darkness, and hence confused with that darkness. This is what the tradition fears, because of its very nature; the change, the possibility of chaos and new creation, which always means destruction for some structures of the old.

But let us return to the zoomorphic symbolism. Why the owl? Are there not other nocturnal beasts equally capable to present the Night Mother, queen of dreams and darkside activity? There are some, like bat, that is a hybrid form between two states of mammal and bird, i.e. terrestrial (mundane) and aerial (mental) stages of evolution. The aspect is somewhat different - let's say purer - in birds, which as species do picture the whole wide spectrum of mankind's thoughts. Hermetic doctrine, as discussed in *Poimandres*, tells us that aerial animals become men. Truly, there is a curious and mutual link between animal and man, the both giving birth to one another; not as in evolution of species, but in a subjective scale: of man's actions, the animals are born, and animals' souls are drawn to men and become men. For every species and for every specimen there is an exact correspondence and the factual source. So the poetic fancy of Thoreau, who in owls thought to see or hear human ghosts, yearning for reincarnation, is actually in accordance with the occult doctrine. Birds reflect our *chitta* or thought matter and are composed thereof, wrung in flesh by all-vitalizing elemental forces of anima mundi. The old folk lore of Finland believed in the so-called *soul birds*, which were de facto manifestations of one's soul in passing. At the moment of death, a soul bird could be seen flying from the body. Agrippa relates the old belief that the owls *"are delighted with dead carcasses, and perceive them beforehand. For men that are dying have a near affinity with dead carcasses."* His Books on Occult Philosophy take a curious dual approach to these creatures, first associating them with "terrible and deadly" features of Saturn and Mars (I:LV), but later connecting them to Moon (II:X). While this may sound incoherent, it may actually be quite accurate, for all tabulations of any kinds of beings are always simplified reductions from their delicate compositions, and owls do embody the attributes of both masculine Saturn and feminine Moon.

It may be interesting to note that birds are the only animal kingdom which poses no threat whatsoever to man. There are dangers for man within the aquatic and terrestrial animal kingdoms and among insects, but it is almost unheard of that any bird would kill a human being. As the modern science can tell, birds are evolved from lizards, and are therefore closer to reptiles than mammals. The (now lost, despite of some archaeopteryx-like fossils) link between these two kinds of animals is held sacred in many cultures, reflecting in divine forms of winged or feathered serpents. As man can't yet see any animal life that could live within fire or the fire-ether of the void, the most lofty and high form of animal life is therefore that kind which lives in air, the element of the next high grade of sublimity. All these facts have their occult significance, perchance usable in the study of mysticism.

Owl is the symbol of wisdom, but not that of the primordial wisdom or Sophia with which the world was created, but the wisdom as it comes to men at the dusk of their formal minds. It is intelligence and intuition fusing together, cognition embracing imagination, the Dark Lady coming with enigmatic messages. It is at the verge of waking mind where inspiration comes; from the dark side can be heard sounds and had visions only when the practical mind has already fallen asleep. And this, indeed, is what makes the Left Hand Path so treacherous and its great wisdom so easily corrupted. For how can we know if the voices & visions we get from the astral world of collective subconscious are accurate? Many mystics simply do not care. As long as phenomena happens it is taken as granted, without the salt of philosophy, because it represents *something other* and is therefore entertaining. That is the point where the wisdom becomes perverted and Minerva's bird becomes that of a common witch, and where enlightenment gives way to obscuring shades. Because it gives thrills, people chase after elementals of the lowest class and after every astral puppet or puppeteer they can find, and that is where "the monsters are produced." It is the twilight zone of one's mind where both the best and the worst parts of mind can manifest, and let us bear in mind, the mind is never truly subjective, least of all when in its subconscious state. Animal parts of our mental presentation are the parts of us (and the world) not wholly understood; wizard's or shaman's familiar spirit is some part of himself left to the state of tamed but autonomic existence. When fully grasped, an astral image vanishes and from hence assumes no shape.

In the Bible, owl is a symbol and/or demon of desolation, spoken along with dragons (flying serpents of the old, as related above): in Isaiah 34:13-15, Job 30:29, Jeremiah 50:39, Micah 1:8, &c. However ridiculous this may sound in the culture completely unaware of the details of transmigration of matter and magnetism, owl's connection with demons, wizards and ghosts can be taken quite literally. The continual movement of man's etheric substance, the most material phenomenon of his astral exhalation, continues to take forms after physical death or, to say it more exactly, when the elements of his composition are freed from that uniform movement of the centripetal and centrifugal forces which bind him in stressed and blessed physical unity - nailed on the "cross" or "rock" of *human body*, as the myth goes. When the luminous spirit breaks free,

all material elements, vivified by elementals - *as in life* - go to their way. And in some small extent, this happens even in a dream. It is the most profound truth and not at all allegorical, that *"All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts."* (Dhammapada: 1.) So within this thought matter are stored all that we are and are going to be, and much of it belongs to the animal kingdom. If one would know the correct means of concentration and identification, he could send a part of his consciousness with such an autonomical self reflection as it goes, but such is the most rare bird indeed.

It is the night of Lilith, not the outer but the inner and therefore black side of the Great Mother, where we can meet the manifestation of wisdom. *Only when darkness falls does the bird of Minerva rise to flight*, says the proverb, meaning that only at the times of obscurity or crisis can wisdom really make itself known and have its due appreciation. And this tells us why most men actually fear wisdom. It represents death: it is like a death sentence to our pettiness. Wisdom can be seen only inwardly and has no outer grandeur, and if one wants to accumulate it, he is bound to suffer in some extent - in a very great extent, actually, if he truly wants to become the Knower. The dark side of our being stands for wisdom and death, and the Lilith's bird that flies in it is the personification of both, for they are essentially the same. What is death? Profound metamorphosis, where this illusion world is drawn aside and the truth of our own being - what we have made of ourselves - presents itself. The very first real step in the occult path of ascension is the one of MORTIFICATION, which spells death for our former being and thought-of self. Death is perfect; death is the fundamental essence of all life. Like its brother sleep, it is absolutely essential to the day-time consciousness, which is held by it, filled with its meaning, having its core in it. The owl, sometimes seen as to consist almost only of head, has its connection to *caput mortuum* stage of spiritual alchemy (although the symbol of which is traditionally the black crow), and stands for drawing the separate vital forces apart from body to magician's intellectual nature. Like the severed head of Saint John the Baptist, that mortified quintessence can hold itself through the dark night of the soul, remaining alive and conscious in the very midst of night phantasmagoria.

FINIS.

- Johannes Nefastos -

The Esoteric Formulae and Sigils of Lilith

TOTBL-218

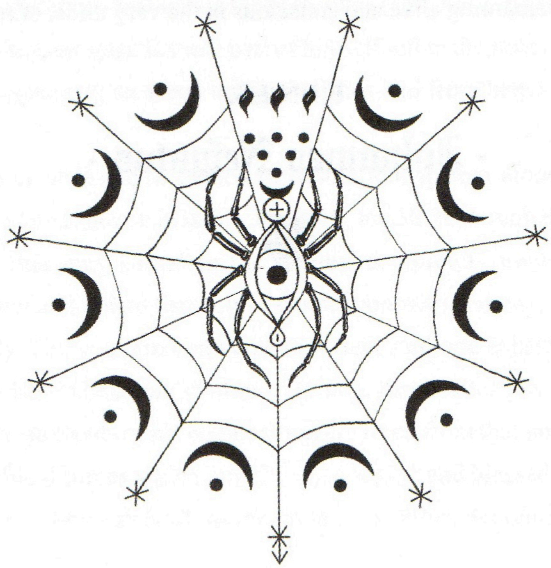
✠ Formula and sigil for the calling of Lilith's great triple aspect as the Woman of Harlotry, Poisonous Serpent and the Dark Mother of Demons:

Isheth Zenunim Taninsam Ama Lilith, Liftoach Kliffot!



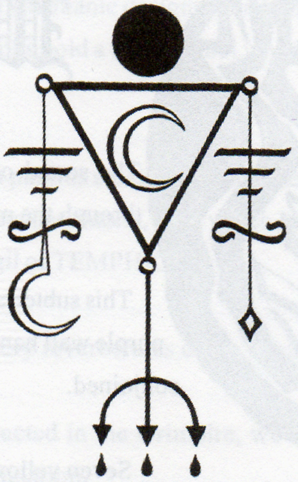
✠ Formula and sigil for the calling of Lilith's aspect as the Spider Goddess of Sitra Ahra:

Arachnidia Lilith Shemamithilil Akkawbishia Zachalayla!



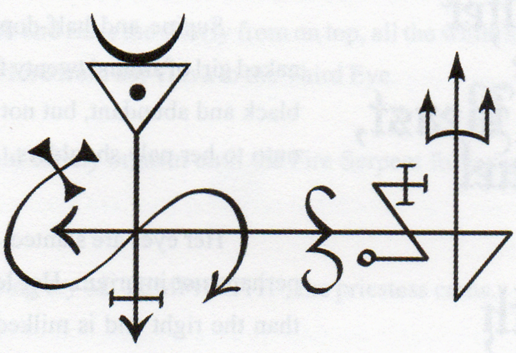
✠ Formula and sigil for the calling of Lilith's slayer aspect as the Black Wind of Adversity:

Layilil-Amashtuti-Lil-I-Theli!



✠ Formula and sigil for the calling of Lilith's Ophitic and Draconic aspect:

Taninsama Thelilith Nachasheloah, Liftoach Shaari ha-Sitra Ahra!



✠ Formula and sigil for the calling of Lilith's aspect as the Great Harlot/ the Demonic Seductress:

Isheth Zenunim Zonahith Nokriyahel Lilith,
Liftoach Shaari ha-Gamaliel!





The Temphioth Working

We Together are the Great Beast, Samael & Lilith

The sound of a sepulchral gong reverberates through the makeshift temple.

This subterranean vault is covered in black and purple wall hangings depicting Samael and Lilith conjoined.

Seven yellow and seven green candles burn in the centre of a small dais, positioned on the left of which is an ancient chaise-lounge.

Supine and half-doped on this furniture is a naked girl of around twenty five years; her hair is coal-black and abundant, but not in length - it barely falls onto to her pale shoulders.

Her eyes are slanted, oriental in effect, though perhaps not in origin. Her left eye is slightly smaller than the right and is milked over with a translucent cast which gives her beautiful and otherwise flawless face a sinister attraction.

Her entire body, well-formed and appealing despite its almost phosphorescent paleness, is trembling in a surfeit of erotic desire.

Her sex is spread pink and dew-sprinkled as she awaits penetration with increasing impatience.

Her rather long torso is sealed at the five central chakra points with curiously dull metal discs that hardly reflect the flickering light cast by the fourteen candles.

Her ajna chakra, the Third Eye, is marked with a curious yellowish-green design that is the sigil of the demon, TEMPHIOTH. (1)

Her palms are marked with talismanic designs which focus Barbarous Names of Power. (2) Both of her index fingers and thumbs hold a tiny cymbal which she clashes with delicacy in time to the booming of the gong.

I enter the ritual space with phallus erect. I turn the priestess around and enter her pulsing sex from the rear. My fingers seek out her clitoris, from which I extract a drop of moisture and allow it to drop into the middle of the Sigil of TEMPHIOTH.

She roars silently, and the cry reverberates down astral passages into the Night of Pan.

In the correct key, as instructed in the Grimoire, we ululate the Name of the demon in synchronisation to the sacred copulation.

I/She/We Together are the Great Beast - Samael/Lilith.

She pushes me back and rides me slowly from on top, all the while striking finger cymbals in *mudras* which raise the Fire from her vulva to the Third Eye.

I must strive to hold off my orgasm until the Fire Serpent fully ascends to fecundate the Eye of Vision.

At last with a piercing cry of 'TEMPHIOTH', the priestess cums.

I remove my cock from her and shed its searing seed over her glowing body.

With this magnetised effluvia, I make the sacred signs over her entranced and supine body.

Down, down to the divine outlet of her cunt.

There, at last, I lick the magickal *kala* of black astral fires from the seething cauldron.

She speaks a strange name, as I speak a strange name:

LARULOS
VARONIS

Our daemonic formulae - The Alchemy of the Conjoined Beast. (3)

I transfer some of the *kala* from my tongue to her tongue. In her trance a Vision tha duplicates itself before my own enraptured Inner-Eye commences:

I am walking down a sloping field of black, turgid earth, rutted and knotted with root and upturned stumps, as though a giant worm has uncoiled beneath the soil.

The sky is dark, but lit by intermittent flashes of lurid lightning, and a drum beats in the dip of the valley, echoing the thunder which rumbles through the coursing soil, making the ground undulate.

Huge slugs spread yellow-greenish slime along a series of indescribable interlacing web-thickets, due to which I have to make my body transparent in order to pass through...

Suddenly, there is a vast flash of lightning and I perceive a gathering of figures around a brass vessel which has 'earthed' the lightning, and captured its immense power. From this vessel there issues a writhing mass of fiery serpents and dragons. The figures that make up the gathering, which are uniformly grey and featureless (perhaps eyeless?), dance around this cauldron before plunging themselves, one after the other, into the midst of the fire creatures - only then do they receive the tremendous heat and passion of an individual existence, with marked characteristics and distinctive visages.

As these humanoids re-emerge from the fire resplendent and beautiful, I wish to make myself one of their number; I do not wish to remain a grey and featureless part of the gathering, despite my immense fear...

Here the priestess's words become strange sounds, inarticulate roaring bellows and agonised howlings... I feel myself pass through a barrier like the centre of a star, bursting out into a boiling darkness with pinpoints of celestial ice... My vision turns red and the overlapping realities of the Nightside vale and the mundane surroundings of the temple crash together in mosaic fashion. I find myself chanting the Names of the Beast:

LARULOS
VARONIS

At the same time an immense figure passes over the Nightside vale and the priestess screams its Name:

KABIS ! [4]

We see the sky light up with the electric pulsations of a yellowish-green web, at the centre of which is the Goddess Lilith who rides the Beast...

Her skin is covered with dark, fine filaments and her hair is ebony black, cascading into neutron stars of the heaviest metals...

In her vast dark hands she holds a gladiator's net and a spear which ends in a seven pronged claw.

In her web a billion multitudes of grey, featureless humanoids hang as hollow and lifeless shells, and she nets and rakes more and more from the cauldron's flames as their fiery simulacra emerge resplendent and serpent-like out into the fields, each moving sinuously with cat-like agility and snake-like beauty into the dark environs of the Nightside vale. (5)

KABIS says:

I am Baphomet of Old
In the System of ZOM.
I am the Arrow. (6)

Notes

This Working is, obvious to say, inspired by 'The Tunnels of Set' section of Kenneth Grant's *Nightside of Eden*, arguably the most important specific magickal exposition of the last 50 years.

(1) The Sigil of TEMPHIOTH is the one given in Aleister Crowley's *Liber 231*, of which *Nightside of Eden* is an extended commentary. Before Grant's ground-breaking work, little had been revealed about the qliphothic, averse side of the sephiroth - allusions in books on magick and Qabalah had been brief, piece-meal, and fleeting.

Grant's book explores the dynamic transcendence and immense magickal power that it is possible to access in the fragmented passages of the lower astral worlds, which may either trap and obsess the unwary New Aeon sorcerer, or elevate him/her to the Heights beyond the abyss of Da'ath. ('Old' Aeon sorcerers pursuing a kind of inverted Christian ascension have been known to suffer madness, and in some cases complete destruction, via these channels, due to the inability to accept the ego-death (however temporary) which is the key to success. See the section headed 'Choronzon' in Pete Carroll's *Psychonaut* .)

(2) The Barbarous Names alluded to were formed into talismanic designs, derived from *The Book of Sentient Night* (See *Clavicula Nox* No. 3)

(3) LARULOS = 333
VARONIS = 333
= 666

The reception of these Names of the Beast whilst in an altered state of consciousness is remarkable in its consistency, evidencing a 'pure' contact with the energies of this Tunnel. The Names are personalised formulae corresponding to the twin energies of the 'female', Choronzon/ Lilith, and the 'male', Shugal/Samael; two halves of the Beast conjoined.

(4) KABIS = 93 = Thelema.

(5) This vision of the 19th Tunnel gives a vivid picture of the radical transforming properties of the current. KABIS would seem to be an 'infernal', trans-dimensional manifestation of QATESH, who pierces with arrow, or grappling claw, the individual soul, manufacturing an energy-exchange between Fire Serpent and the remaining Shell in Her web, which is the Qliphothic state of the Zombie - a dross creature of mere clay.

During the aftermath of the Ritual I felt this latter indicated the typical denizen of Earth, timid of the *real* individuality which is a product of discovering the True Will, who instead envies the hollow, spurious and superficial recognition and 'fame' apportioned to the T.V Celebrity, the pop star, or the footballer.

Perpetually frightened to be Him-, or Her-Self, the mass of people only wish to emulate the looks and behaviour of our society's entertainers, paradoxically viewing individuality and creativity to be the fair product of imitating someone else.

True individuality is also paradoxical, in that it can only occur once the ego has been destroyed.

At that point an influx of pure creativity flows through the entire being and is earthed in the Sigils and Talismans specifically prepared for its reception. The result is a transformation of the gross personality; an abundance of creative energy; a grasp of the workings of the Greater Universe, and a sheer Lust for life which is unadulterated by shallow concerns for propriety or popularity.

(6) These Words of KABIS refer to the trans-dimensional scope of the lower astral tunnels, which are not only infused by the phantoms, atavisms and remnants of Earth, but also encroach into - and are encroached by - other dimensions of Being from beyond the Web of Yuggoth.

One such 'parallel universe' is the ZOM empire. (See Michael Bertiaux's *The Voudon Gnostic Workbook*).

- Stephen Sennitt -



VI
Gullveig and Lilith

Gullveig - A short summary

In the beginning there was a chasm that was called Ginnungagap; other cultures called it Chaos. On each side of this gaping abyss two worlds lay, in the south there was the world of flames which became Múspellzheimr, and in the north the world of ice which became Niflheimr. The immense Múspell-flames reached out to the outer rim of Niflheimr, an oozing icy sludge started to break free from ages of crystallized stagnation. Black ice that turned into sludgy water was allegorized as poisonous and it invaded the cosmos as an alien and anti-cosmic power, thus its definition *thursian power – þursamegin*. And from the sludge of the poisonous waters an abysmal water-well was created, and it was called Hvergelmir – father of all rivers.

Furthermore, when the Múspell-flames collided with the Nifl-ice another phenomenon took place; the first rime-thurs (þurs anglicized to thurs) was born out of the black ice; he was called Ýmir, Aurgelmir by the thursian race. By himself Ýmir created the giant race called *þurs* (Auðhumla could be viewed to have created the second giant race called *jøtunn* by licking on the salty ice). The first mentioned race was rime-thurses after their father and they were all evil in essence and deformed in form – the thursian race would forever remain enemies with the *gods* and the *vanir*: adversaries to the new and definite realm of the cosmos – hence their adjectival epithet *anti-cosmic*. On the other hand, the *jøtunn*-race was more adapt to the cosmic realm and adjusted very well, and later they became allies with the *gods* and *vanir*. The *jøtunn*-race was seen as a benevolent one.

The thursian race was black and wrathful in essence and will – abnormally formed because of their unnatural condition in the cosmos, like Ýmir himself. And some of these thurses had special purposes and extraordinary conditions; two of them were Gullveig and Loki. They were both shape-shifters; and their powers went beyond those of regular thurses; Gullveig, for instance, was the originator of magic and transformation, which made her into a very powerful giantess. This is why she could dwell amongst the gods without being detected as an intruder; she appeared as a goddess in form and essence, fooling even the demiurgic god Óðinn in his own halls, though Gullveig's true essence, allegorized as a heart in the sagas, was purely made of the poisonous black ice of Niflheimr, and Loki's of the furious flames of Múspellzheimr. And their purpose was to lead all of the thursian races in bringing the cosmic existence to its downfall. Their purpose was to infect the soul of the universe with the "poison" of Chaos and let it burn from within.

Gullveig – *first-born and first burned; her death created Jørmungandr* – was from the beginning known to be huge and horrible. Gullveig is explained to have come as three terrible thurs-maids in the beginning of time, and they were believed to bring the end of the worlds. As Gullveig many centuries later was caught by the gods for her intensions, they immediately burned her in the halls of Óðinn. Loki, who was her secret spouse and knew about Gullveig's plans and purpose, looked through her ashes and found her unburned heart and devoured it. And by this mysterious action he gave birth to Jørmungandr.

After a time Gullveig had come back, reborn as a thursian giantess by the name Heiðr – *second-born and the second burned; her death created Fenrir* – the shining one, she was the witch-giantess; the wielder of the blackest seeds; she was the brightness crawling out of the abyss and taking form, up through endless darkness and slithering through the crusty bound of the middle earth. Bright as a shadowless light she came; erect like a burning spine of a wand she stood, and started a journey to the yards of ungovernable and receptive folk to teach them about the unknown and dark arts of the underworlds. She was known as the wicked crone; mistress of the runes and black magic, the giantess who comes at midnight up from under earth and walks between houses to visit seiðr-women to teach them of her ways. She is the inventor of black magic and runes – the craft and cunning to seduce giants, humans and gods to gain her end. Gullveig-Heiðr is the giantess who created the dark arts. And from her bewitched throne; the *seiðstóll* or *rokstóll*, she taught this magic, which struck as a weapon with confusion, disease and death. She enjoys teaching the humans of the anti-cosmic runes, and these runes are of rime-thursian black magic. This is her *crone*-aspect which is generously emphasized in the Old Norse lore. Gullveig-Heiðr was eventually caught by the gods and was burned a second time, and also this time Loki looked in her ashes and found her unburned heart and ate it. And this time he bore Fenrir.

And as it is foretold Gullveig-Heiðr was born a third time under the name Aurboða – *third-born and third burned; her death created Hel* – she continued her workings of god-hating magical workings. And a third time she was caught and burned, and a third time Loki took her heart out of

the ashes and swallowed it, and thereby bore Hel; the ruler of the dead and the mighty underworld.

And as Gullveig-Heiðr-Aurboða cannot be killed she came back under the name Angrboða. She is known as the black formidable crone and giantess-mother dwelling as the sole ruler in the atrocious dark woods in Jøtunheimr called Járnviðr, mothering and spawning legions of giant-wolves and deformed giant-werewolves. As she was done with her workings amongst the gods in the heavens, she stayed in the underworld from then on as Angrboða – together with her mighty daughter – and made preparations for the final infamous battle known to be called Ragna Røk. But she still reached happily for receptive and wicked humans to teach them her proud craft and make alliances.

Gullveig is as intelligent as beautiful – cunning and quick-witted – and she has a very strong potential in foreseeing spiteful moves in her sinister way of thinking. This weighs heavy for me as I think Gullveig is thought to be the *seiðkona* who foretells the *Vøluspá*. As a female counterpart of Loki, she made sly plans from the beginning of the creation of cosmos and follows them to the end. She brought darkness from the very depths of the dungeons of Niflhel, to the brightest garden of Ásgarðr. Of all existing powers only she and Loki wield this skilled cunning. So it was not an accidental occurrence that Gullveig first was accepted and became very popular to the gods – just like her masculine counterpart. And it took a very long time and a large amount of effort before the gods became aware of her hateful and destructive intentions. In fact, they uncovered her intensions when it was too late, when she had wielded her pestilent magic for centuries and sown more anti-cosmic seeds than there are stars in the sky. She had spawned huge legions of horrible thurs-beasts, strengthened her powers in black anti-cosmic seiðr, killed so many gods and men, and gathered so many thurs-armies; dead and alive, and invoked relentless dark powers from within her own darkness and abysmal essence. She has enlightened chosen men, spawned so many monstrous rime-thurses, and sung endlessly black galdrs and hailed the current of Chaos for so long that the cosmic doom is inevitable.

Lilith

I would like to start by mentioning that Lilith has been worshiped for more than at least two thousand years before the German mythology and worship appeared, and that we have to bear in mind that the Germanic religion derives from places like for example Mesopotamia and Hellas. Lilith's name appeared at the earliest in the Sumerian king list approximately from 2400 BC.

Lilith is the female goddess of darkness; the bride of Satan. She is the first wife of Adam who refused to submit to masculine dominance because she claimed to be equal – and by her rebellious flame she rejected Adam and voiced the secret name of God and took off to the deserted lands at the Red Sea where lecherous demons dwelt. At this place she stayed and bore demonic hordes of hundreds of demons every day. This repellence of submission and utterance of enormity towards God could without difficulty be seen as analogous with Gullveig's exodus

from the world *(Miðgarðr)* to the underworld *(Járnviðr)* away from God's residences. Gullveig refused to be overpowered, and as she was reborn every time the gods killed her, she obviously showed them that it was impossible to overpower her – thus her ceaseless repellence of submission. And to try to compare the *utterance of God's secret name* to something in the ON sagas is probably too farfetched; it might be too mystical as an allegory. But Gullveig's seering (*Vøluspá*) of the god's and the cosmos' apocalypse, *Ragna Røk*, could be viewed as the action of stupefying the position of God; to gain the result of deadening and weakening.

So she migrated to the dark land called Járnviðr, just like Lilith, and there Gullveig bore swarms of demonic monsters; looked upon as *the world-destroyers*, just like the spawn of Lilith are called *the plagues of mankind.* And on the note of procreation of demons it is important to bring up the detail that Lilith is called the soul of all the beasts, and Gullveig the mother of all wolves and werewolves (as they were often seen to be of demonic nature; a troll- and thursian breed). Another interesting detail in this context is that some believe that Lilith lived in a cave in the deserted land by the Red Sea. An ancient Mesopotamian tablet says about Lilith: *O, Flyer in a dark chamber,* which could be imagined to have been a cave. And a cave could be a symbol of a place in the underworld, *within the earth* (as giants in Old Scandinavia were often called mountain-dwellers etc); which connects her abode with Gullveig's *Járnviðr* which lies in the underworld. This metaphoric comparison brings yet another myth about Lilith to mind, it is when Lilith and Adam were created as one and Lilith's soul was lodged into the Great Abyss. And this *Great Abyss* could be mythologically equated with the Old Norse *underworld* which is many times explained to be an abyss. The same goes, by me, for what the Jewish mythology calls *The Other Side*.

Lilith is said to have been initiatorily seen as a storm demon associated with destructive winds and to be a spreader of disease and death. This is strongly analogous with Gullveig's aspect as a *giantess of the eastern (sea-) storms.* This mythological aspect of Gullveig comes from her role as Hyrrokin who gets called upon at Baldr's funeral by Óðinn himself, as not even the strongest god of them all, Þórr, could manage to move Baldr's funeral ship to put it out to sea. Gullveig came from the east (it's where her abode *Járnviðr* is told to be located) as Hyrrokin, riding on a wolf (*Fenrir*) with snakes as reins, and with one push it stormed out to sea. This myth connects her with the eastern storms and feared feminine power. And in another saga it is said about Gullveig: *Gýmir's (ur-) cold witch bears ships amongst storming waves in the jaws of Ægir*. Gýmir is one of Gullveig's husbands throughout the myths, and Ægir is an ocean giant, and he is also looked upon being the same as Gýmir.

Gullveig is also looked upon as a giantess of diseases, death and destruction; and she carries this out in the world in the form of something the ancient people called *Hyrrokini Fræ* (The Seed of Hyrrokin). Philosophically I would say that this "seed" could also be compared to Lilith's nocturnal and malicious impulsion and persuasion she has on both men and women: sexually and black magically, but the seed might be most analogous with the theory that Lilith is

in fact the serpent that offers Eve the fruit from the tree of knowledge, the "fruit" here being a symbol of a seed that impregnates Eve with Qayin and his brother. Gullveig is not really mentioned anywhere in the Old sagas about being a sexual persuader, but as Aurboða Gullveig turns into a crow and delivers a magical apple to a queen for her to become pregnant, and *Vøluspá* tells us this:

Heiðr her name was,
to every house she came,
the seeress with adequate prophecies.
Witchcraft she wielded,
she wielded seiðr wherever she could,
she wielded seiðr eagerly
Always was she loved by wicked women.

Lilith is also said to have "attached herself to" Qayin and bore his demon-children, many in number. And this correlates perfectly with the myth of Járnviðr, where Gullveig bore her son Fenrir's children, many in number. As it is said in *Vøluspá*:

In the east in Járnviðr the Old One sat,
and there bore Fenrir's offspring.

And it is also said that Lilith forced herself upon Adam, against his will, and thereby bore his children (demons, spirits and Lilin), and they sometimes "ascend from that earth to this world upon which we stand". This *ascension* must mean that these demons, spirits and Lilin came from a world below, and as a metaphor and mythological comparison I take this as that they *ascended* from the underworld – *the Other Side*. And this again is analogous with Gullveig and her hosts of children in the underworldly dominion of Járnviðr. Old Norse thursian analogies: demons; *fløgð*, spirits; *andar*, Lilin; *Járnviðjur*.

Lilith is also believed to be Samael's twin-sister and mate, and they were emanated as one below the "Throne of Glory", as androgynous beings. The Teutonic Germans were obviously very inspired by this as the Germanic mythology was formed. Gullveig and Loki, which are the most known vicious husband and wife within the northern tradition, are mates and they had both a known androgynous nature.

About the moon, Lilith is explained to be connected to the moon, the moon phases being a symbolism of her transformation. Gullveig is connected to the moon as a mother of demons in the forms of wolves (*þursulfar*), and her wolf-children are hunting the moon and the sun to devour them, in intent to destroy the world. The complex system of Kabbalah and Kliffot, and the lunar connections to Lilith cannot be compared with Gullveig, as the Old Norse tradition did not have that kind of complex system of gods and demons. Gullveig was never mentioned to be connected to the moon directly.

Within the anti-cosmic Kliffotic tradition there is a difference between *Lilith Taninsam* and *Lilith Naamah*. Taninsam Lilith is called *the Old One* and she is the spouse to Satan, and she is for me the same in essence as Gullveig. Naamah Lilith is called *the Young One* and she is the spouse to Asmodeus and for me analogous in essence to Hel – Hel being ruler of the underworld, the black earth, and the "earthly portal" to Chaos. I have come to this conclusion that Gullveig and her daughter Hel share essence, being a twin essence in a sense, they belong and work together; just as Lilith and Naamah. I have only seen this connection in the anti-cosmic tradition, and it belongs to the initiated.

- Vexior -

VII
Understanding the Path



Beyond the initial works of magick, the early teaching, rituals and subsequent further exploration of the Ancient Craft, lay that sacred commitment between lover and divine that is the initiation rite. Performing this rite granted me exposition to more in-depth experiences through which I learned not only more of myself and my own individual path in this craft, but also of its source, the great divinity from whom the current of all dark magick originally flowed. She who was the mother of Lucifer, the first among the gods, Hecate.

This Dark Queen of the witch craft has guided and watched me my whole life, though She has not always allowed Her presence to be known or even felt during particular phases or events until later. It was Hecate who ignited the gnosis that now flows through my entire being. This She effected through the intense transmutational works of sexual magick. A process She instigated after first instilling the 'idea' within my mind during several acts of post godform assumption channelling and intense physical plane manifestation and adjoining communion.

Speaking in Tongues

The same chrystalline energy, ensorcelled within the sexual kalas of Hecate´s power, with which the Dark Goddess permeated every part of my entire being upon every plane of existence during the initial transmutational elevation of my spirit and adjustment of my soul path was now used during rites of possession. These works were in themselves periods of intense instruction, and more often than not spiritual transition. It is this process that Hecate uses to



Invocation to Hecate

Queen of
the Nightside
Shadow realms;
Mother of the Dark
Horned Solar God;
Hecate of the cross roads,
Witchflame Goddess;
I call to the Lady of Dark
Transformations;
Through the lunar gate
to the darkened Sun;

Through the
Star of Heaven and
the Gates of Hell;
I call to you Keeper of
the Sacred Keys;
With heartfelt passion and
yearning soul I ask you;
Unlock the seals of
the power of Witchblood;
Open the Way to the
Path of Hecate.

by Mark Smith

educate Her children in the next steps of the Path. Infusing into the cellular flesh, the mind, and the now adapted chrystalline essence of the soul the further workings and rituals through which those who partake in this type of work are able to advance in the magickal arte, both in learning and purpose.

On occasion this aformentioned type of possession work; which usually followed the rites of sexual magick; opened the paths to the nightside, the very realm of which Hecate is both patron and guide. The ensuing process included not only the infusion and integration of the Goddess´ current and physical channelling of the Queen of Hell´s instruction in my own native English, but also sometimes incorporated quite lengthy and rapid spoken transmissions of a language that was totally foreign to me. Sounding something akin to a cross between Chinese and Russian, but which was in fact neither, this intense spiritual download would usually only accompany the deepest works of possession which were undertaken by Hecate and I.

Though my love and trust of my Dark Goddess is both deep and implicit to say the least, my human curiousity regularly runs amok when I encounter what I class as new phenomena. Therefore, at an appropriate moment during some inner circle possession work, I chose to question the Witchflame Goddess about the nature and purpose of this language of which She was clearly the source. The Goddess´ explanation was concise: this was the language of the gods, the powerful gnosis into which is encoded not only the information and teaching of the works of the ancient craft, but also the transmutational energy which aids in the elevation of the entire being; all ensorcelled into, and bound within Her magickal current. It was, the Dark Lady informed me, a language of symbols which was infused directly into the subconscious mind. Once assimilated by the deeper mind this language aided in the passing of vast amounts of knowledge, which in turn allowed further induction into the mysteries. The foreign sounding language which spurted from my mouth on occasion was simply my brain´s reaction to the infusion of this divine symbolic language and the velocity with which it was delivered. The requirement for this particular gnosis to reach the deeper part of my subconscious was the reason for it only manifesting during the more intense periods of our possession work.

With the regular and dedicated performance of this loving communion, it´s process of sexual magick and the adjoining works of possession, I was able to experience and enjoy the divine magnetism and overwhelmingly powerful spiritual love of the Dark Queen of Witchcraft. As mind, body and soul merged, not just in magickal ecstasy, but also deep heartfelt connection with the Queen of Alkemy, Hecate brought forth a matrix of rites, rituals and practices, many of which were lead by the Goddess Herself. The mandate and instruction for these works was both specified and emphasised by the Dark Queen during one of Her occasional, impromptu, but always stunning and awe inspiring physical manifestations.

The Goddess of Witchcraft, I long ago learned requires no cast circle, mirror of any kind, be it dark or otherwise, nor hour or minute of the day in which to manifest Herself. If She chooses to be seen it is because She wishes it. Each and every experience of this kind, when I have seen Hecate; Her energy a powerful vibrant green colour, Her jet black hair and deep green and occasionally pupiless, shining iridescent eyes; is imprinted not just upon my mind but also into and through my heart and soul. The presence of the Dark Goddess is not something that is only seen, Her divine beauty is felt. Hers is a power which reaches deep within touching every part of the self, from physical flesh to astral form, no matter how remote. It is during these priviledged visits that Hecate has always delivered Her most important messages of instruction. The particular occasion in question was supposed to have been an evening of meditation spent outdoors, my most favourite environment; whether it be beach or woodland; for this type of nocturnal work. It was at a time when I had only just begun the documentation of the first of these new rites, remembering as I re-collected them, hence the point of the meditation.

As I was settling into the rhythm and slowing pace of my breathing, I experienced a sensation of intense warmth rapidly ascending my spine, an approaching energy which triggered the release of my kundalini. This combined with the feeling of my entire senses and own personal psychic vibration elevating beyond it´s normal meditative status; as chakra centres extended and swirled almost to their maximum potential; made me aware that I was not alone. I was still unsure of what was happening. I actually thought, due to the type of vibration that I was about to exit my body involuntarily when a powerful force wrapped itself around me. The vibration and frequency of this force were so high, and the energy so intense that it stopped the vertical ascent of my own spiritual energies that its arrival had initially triggered. The encompassing force increased in power so much that I now felt myself being almost pulled below my own consciousness and I remember thinking, 'I knew I should have cast a circle.´ As my mind was almost at the point of psychic submersion I heard and felt the voice, *'Stay focussed child,´* She said, as the vibration from the words resonated through my mind and now highly charged subtle bodies.

I had not even been able to identify Her energy, let alone see the onset of Her manifestation. Hecate stood before me, Her form shimmering in the vibrant green flow of Her sexual kalas, the frequency of which were further opening my energy centres, unfurling them way beyond my own capability. With my body now slumped backwards resting on my elbows in the soft beach sand and my mind, although only just breaking the surface of normal consciousness, totally attuned to the energy of Hecate I knew a circle wouldn't have made any difference to the Queen of Hell . As I thought this, Hecate seemed to smile, but I will never be quite sure of that. Her shimmering form vibrated with such power that it gave the impression of Her not quite standing still, yet not actually moving anywhere.

Standing before me as the centre and focal point of my entire universe, Hecate issued forth Her charge. An instruction detailing my necessity in not only the documentation of the matrix of rituals She had previously given, but also their performance and practice. This, the Witch Goddess indicated, would further illuminate my own journey upon Her dark path. This short but very intensely delivered message was followed with details of yet more magickal work of a slightly more exploratory nature. The communion was then sealed, both in agreement and in the confirmation of the necessary information which was to be ensorcelled within the Goddess' divine current and infused into and through my body, mind and spirit. This magickal affirmation was delivered, as was customary, within the vehicle of sexual and spiritual ecstasy before Hecate, as always, stepped back via the spaces between the planes to Her own realm.

The magickal practices given to me by the Goddess consisted of a set of rites and rituals of varying degrees of intensity, the duration of the effects of which ranged from several days to several months. The exact process depended on the actual ritual, its power and how long it would take for the influx of currents and energies conjoured to assimilate through the system of the individual. In the most part the work was geared towards further transmutation and elevation of the soul within the ancient draconian craft of the Dark Witch Goddess.

The Seven Libations

The smaller works began with the post initiation rite of *The Seven Libations*. This ritual, over which the Queen of Hell presided, was opened from within a cast circle and consumated in the heart of Gamaliel with the consumption of the Seven Chalices of power. Each magickal vessel contained the Dark Goddess´ spiritual essence, a substance that would be; were it manifest upon the physical plane; the very blood of Hecate Herself overflowing each chalice as its power, once drank overcomes the spirit of He or She who partakes in this work. The consumption of this elixir initiated the opening of the 7 gates of the Infernal and Empyrean worlds respectively, increasing the flow of the Dark Goddess´magickal energy into and through my being. This was a process which mirrored in microcosm the macrocosmic flow of Hecate´s occult kalas; the energies of the Dark Queen; which flow through the universe, pouring through each and every dimensional gate permeating the worlds beyond. The changes which were wrought by this working allowed, in conjunction with several other rituals all ascending in power and detail, through the infusion of occult energies and self awakening, my ability to partake in transitional works of soul elevation and spiritual transmutation of a far more powerful nature.

As well as the set format of transmutational work which the Goddess had laid out for me to both experience and understand in order to further illuminate my purpose as I underwent my own personal transition, Hecate intensified my spiritual education with the advanced evocation of

many of Her closest aids. These powerful Witchgods and spirits who have served the Dark Queen in this primal craft since its creation were not always evoked as such into the triangle of arte, with many being encountered in powerful evocatory work held totally within the circle. It was Hecate who first introduced me to this method of evocation, presiding the actual rite in close proximity during my first few inner circle encounters. It was only through the complete faith in, and absolute love of, the Goddess that I allowed myself to follow this particular route. It was however to become a very important and focal point of our work as Hecate´s kin allowed me to encounter them both in manifestation and possession; a bi-locational merging of mind, body and spirit through which I was granted the tools with which to effect many powerful magickal transitions.

Often the mere presence of these spirits and gods of the witch´s craft created in itself a transmutational environment. As I worked with and under the power of the Witchflame Goddess, learning from Her kin, their massive energy would infuse itself with that of my own, elevating my subtle bodies, indeed my entire spiritual being far above it´s normal magickal vibration. Each meeting had it´s own individual and often permanent magickal effect.

The process of transition performed in this manner was not however, always one of ease and comfort, as one or two of the earlier inner circle evocations with Lucifer, the son, brother and consort of Hecate and Great Horned god of witchcraft, illustrated. For although all of the experiences with Lucifer were of a spectacular nature, I found that the raw power of the Great Horned One´s dark solar energy weighed incredibly upon my aura. This gave rise to a sensation of almost being crushed. However the reflex of such an effect soon became apparent once I had grown accustomed to this force, an energy vastly different to the one I had been used to working with. I discovered the immense benefits which close proximity work with Lucifer yielded, as this frequency which vibrated so intensely from His being left every single one of my senses; mundane and transmundane; elevated to a physical and spiritual peak for several hours, and on one or two occasions, days. His power was, Hecate informed me, a subtle balance to that of Her own. Lucifer called Himself the light upon this ancient pathway and became an integral part of my later, more advanced nightside travelling as the Goddess directed me further into the mysteries of the Qlippothic realms, leaping the natural order of spiritual evolution as I progressed in my journey.

The Gatekeeper

As keeper of the universal keys to the doorways of spiritual gnosis, power and ascent, Hecate would not only open these secret pathways and doors but would aid in their construction. She first demonstrated this in the procurring of the *Gatekeeper's Key.* The nature of this incredibly powerful talisman was revealed to me during inner circle evocational and possession work with

both the Queen of Dark magick and the mighty Surgat, a Witchgod and spirit of the craft who is loyal to both Hecate and Lucifer. Surgat has far more capabilities than those few mentioned in the Grimorium Verum. This magickal key, initially a gift offered by Surgat, was a talisman that was to be constructed in both inner and physical plane ritual before being empowered with the energy of this ancient being and blessed with an offering of blood, my own living spiritual essence. Once activated in this way it became a very important piece of magickal equipment which was used to great effect during subsequent nightside travelling and inner circle gateway work.

Working with great beings such as Surgat enabled me, in accordance with the will of the Dark Lady, to open up these secret and hitherto unexplored gateways drawing through them both more energy, and acquiring new knowledge with which to enrich and subsequently enhance the work at hand. This process was both closely monitored, and in the nature of stability, sometimes controlled by the Goddess of Witchcraft. For it is She and She alone who decides which gateways of power are opened to Her children, and how much flows through.

As the pace of this transmutational work increased; assisted by the many guides and their teachings and tools of the magickal arte, which they brought to aid me on behalf of the WitchQueen; so too did the manner and intensity of their manifestations. Initially their appearance was only etheric, though their power could be felt in no uncertain terms, particularly in the rites of possession. However, as the work advanced so too did the density and physical plane proximity of my visitor's manifestations. Some of those who came with the Great Goddess would select a linear surface to manifest onto or on occasion through; it appeared that a mirror was by no means a pre-requisite to these beings. Others would draw incense and particles from the surrounding environment to incorporate into themselves in order to construct and maintain their form during this mode of congress. As they merged their energies, occasionally in unison with Hecate, into my own being these rituals of intense possession and instruction, more often than not, lead to inner plane journeys.

It was Hecate who initiated the process of manifestation and arrival to this plane through the open spiritual doorways, through which my own subtle bodies are linked to the inner planes. Using this method of ingress, the Dark Goddess would arrive in what I at first took to be purely possession before moving through and then beyond my physical body, spilling outward in etheric form as though She was emerging from every chakra point. Her vibrant green energy as always was unmistakable in both its appearance and incredibly high frequency. This vibration would bring with it not just the manifestation of Hecate but also a state of entrancing and overwhelming spiritual and physical ecstasy as the Dark Witch Queen flowed from each and every single pore, Her etheric power even exiting my mouth and eyes as She touched every part of my entire being before manifesting within, and occupying, our sacred working space. This method of incursion into the space between the worlds that is the cast circle, held at least in part

upon the physical plane, was one of the most spiritually powerful and ecstatically pleasurable transvocational experiences that any Witchgod has utilised to manifest their form. Although not employed by many other beings in my own work, it was not, as Lucifer has demonstrated on more than one occasion, a technique which the Great Goddess kept solely to Herself.

The Veil of Time

My exploration of past lives in earlier work with the Queen of Hell, Heaven and Earth had released a great deal of interesting and useful knowledge, including gnosis that once re-acquired was now being applied. However, beyond this and the answers to a few burning questions, that at the time were required in order for the work to continue being fulfilled, I had little interest in further persuing this avenue of the occult. Hecate however, had much more in store for me. What at first began as a nudge, then became a persuasion, until finally in a very short space of time the point of insistance was reached and I was gently but firmly reminded of who was the student and who was the teacher.

The Goddess' new approach to my past life exploration allowed more than the previous glance at these earlier incarnations. This was no regression purely along my own soul path, this was entry into and traversal of, the continous veil of time itself. This power of Hecate came with a stern warning from the Goddess before our first incursion into this aspect of the work:

'Remain Detached. No matter how far you travel all that you see is still happening, now!'

Initially, I did not try to understand the complexities of this statement in full. Though, in taking the Dark Lady at Her word on the more intricate meaning of this warning, I did in part overlook the first two words; an oversight I may have regretted were not for the protective power of the Goddess of Witchcraft.

Past lives experienced in most forms of hypnotic regression are usually a gentle, clouded and often very vague spiritual awakening and remembering of something that may or may not have been real. Depending, of course upon what is experienced during this regression they may occasionally trigger or bring back with them the odd bruised emotion, a sensation which rarely lasts beyond the regression session itself. The past however, particularly the soul's own path, when viewed with divine occult assistance from the unique perspective within the veil of time, is an experience which should be treated with the same respect as an incursion into the Qlippothic realms.

The saturation of my being in the Goddess' energy, cloaked and protected by the current and will

of Hecate was the stabilising element which prevented excessive emotional outrage from taking hold and causing any damage. This protection became apparent during my first venture through the veil in this manner, when I momentarily ignored the rule of detachment, unwittingly becoming mentally and emotionally embroiled in an extremely unpleasant part of my own past life history. Although no physical pain could be felt in witnessing the atrocity which unfolded before me the danger lay not in that, but in absorbing an excess of damaged emotion caused by these past life events. If allowed to take hold, this raging torrent of emotion would undoubtedly have unfurled within my mind, exploding at some point in the near future like a giant resurging atavism and possibly spiralling out of control. The energy provided by the Witchflame Goddess acted not only as a protection but also as a cleansing force, purging my mind of this unnecessary and past emotional process, whilst at the same time reminding me of the initial warning. A warning which, after this first experience, I chose in future to heed.

What these incursions through my past lives illuminated more than anything else was that this love with Hecate, this soul journey with my Dark Goddess, is many thousands of years old. From my unique occult vantage point I was now able to witness Her presence; albeit hidden from those still participating in these lives. The Goddess was present at each birth. Hecate could also be seen manifesting at the point of each re-awakening, Her power re-igniting the Witchblood current within my being. At the inevitable moment of each death, She could be seen yet again, Her hands cradling the head of each physical body ready to receive the soul that was and always will be Hers, keeping it safe until the point of its next incarnation. At these key times and at many others in between, I witnessed the Dark Goddess guiding each of my incarnations.

Not all lives were remarkable, not all glorious and not all successful, in either their physical or spiritual goals; but each held a different purpose. The overall purpose of each life was the factor dependant upon which Hecate would decide whether or not the magickal current would be awakened for that particular incarnation.

As I have already alluded to there were lives; as was to be expected of course; which were unjustly and once or twice, savagely cut short. It was here at these less glorious points during my soul history, as I viewed these scenes, that I was granted a deeper insight into the manner in which the Goddess leads and guides those souls who are Hers through the journey that is the Dark Path of Hecate.

Whilst any injustices were quickly dealt with by the Queen of Hell, blatantly revealing the darker side of Her nature, the Goddess was more interested in showing me what were to Her, clearly more important matters and Her methods for dealing with such. The life chosen as the example through which She would allow this deeper insight was indeed that of one unjustly ended. The Goddess allowed me to view partially, the vortex of emotion that was my angered spirit. The soul itself was

twisted with rage at its incarnation being cut short; the life having been taken from it; before it was claimed by the Queen of Witchflame, embracing that which belonged to Her and encompassing it with Her Dark power. This act of reclamation and envelopment within the force of dark divinity that was Hecate Herself was a process of spiritual healing, the soothing re-alignment of a damaged soul path. This is a power capable of removing, beyond the point of recurring damage, this pain and rage which had been brought out of the recently expired physical life. This meant that the next planned incarnation could be one of a productive nature, without the vicious undercurrent of sub-surface spiritual and emotional anger. That, would have no doubt triggered the necessity for karmic re-balance and as such stood in the way of Hecate's work and the purpose which She required to be fulfilled during this next respective incarnation.

Though I shall not dwell upon the point, those looking for either the darker side of Hecate's nature or wishing to weigh up the effects of such karmic intervention, would need to look no further than the individuals responsible for the interruption of this last particular incarnation; each of whom received an opposite, if not entirely equal, little counter weight in reciprocation for their efforts. For those of us who were created within; or have otherwise chosen; the Path of Hecate, the Dark Lady is our divine mother. Her maternal instinct should never be provoked!

Atlantean Currents

Hecate helped me to understand a little more of Her own earlier role in the teaching of the arte of the witchcraft and spiritual evolution. This began during one of our more intimate communions when She granted me access through the opening of one of the many secret doorways hidden within the human soul, to what She called the *'Atlantean Current.'*

Spiritual and astral gifts were great treasures and essential aids in the successful performance of the great work, but normally came in more obvious forms such as astral weapons or etheric emeralds. These items laden with chystalline gnosis were to be infused either into the gift's physical plane counterpart or within the self, depending upon the nature of the item which was offered. This however, had simply been the unlocking and opening of a spiritual and mental doorway that I was previously unaware of, through which flowed into my magickal mind a very potent energy current. One which Hecate informed me was known for a long time as, *'The Forbidden Current,'* though She also stated: *'There are others who have again accessed this gnosis.'* Along with additional energy, the current brought with it new insight, but not solely in the realm of magickal working.

More of the origin of the Goddess of Witchcraft was revealed, illuminating Her role in the spiritual awakening and evolution of a much earlier race of man. This was a race whose power and

potential was from birth, far superior to that of our own. A trait that was in part due to their spiritual path and structure, the maps of their very souls not being separated by any kind of barrier or abyss from the upper echelons of divine power.

Though Atlantis had never really held much interest for me until now, I found myself spellbound in the acquisition of this knowledge. Between the assimilation of this current and our joint exploration of the veil of time itself, I learned that Atlantis itself was, as Hecate described it, more of a time than a geographical location; though there was as such a palatial city. This was a time before the necessary secrecy of the witch craft, a time when the primordial current of magick flowed freely and the Witchgods taught their greatest secrets to a race of people whose spiritual and evolutionary journey was to have been tangential to that of our own. Unfortunately they were also a people of great ambition who sought, using this vast and rapidly expanding power and gnosis so naturally at their disposal, to conquer their own gods. This was a mistake that provoked the earthing of powerful currents, which were of a stellar origin, through seven incarnate watchers. These currents once earthed were channelled through the network of primordial energy lines which criss-cross throughout the entire planet, where they initiated the desired surface structure and climatic changes to the world. The resulting effects returned all but three of the physically incarnate watchers to their spiritual abodes, albeit for a short time only; leaving a few scattered members of a once great race to begin again in pastures new; the remnants of their greatest city lying submerged beneath what we now call the Indian Ocean.

To be granted this knowledge was truly a gift, but as I had already learned, the requisite application of detachment was necessary in order for me to fully absorb the information into the cellular here and now. Though once this task had been completed, the lesson within and reasoning behind this particular gift of ancient gnosis was fairly obvious: To understand both aspects of the mighty divinity to whom not only my heart but my very soul belonged; to accept that creation and destruction go hand in hand in this universe, as do Empyrean and Infernal. After all is it not the merging of these twin currents, the meeting of two universes that generates and unleashes the power which may either create or destroy?

Hecate did not wait for me to question further on this newly acquired gnosis which revealed these events, which are, to modern man, so long past. Sensing my feelings during one of our close communions, held around the time that all this knowledge was being infused throughout my being, She spoke of the above paradox and the recently viewed tragedy of a race long since fallen:

'I have loved every race of man. It is my dream that those of you who are my children will reach what some would call Eden. No mythical paradise, this Eden is a state of spiritual evolution in which near unlimited power flows freely through the soul of those who exist here. This journey is individual for each being. To they who are my children I offer the Path of my Dark

Magick. The forbidden gnosis of old is now released and is slowly being re-discovered, as new power is gifted. This is the age of Re-awakening!'

The Path

In the absorbtion and assimilation of this gnosis I understood why Hecate wanted me to perform certain rites and rituals; these were the works of spiritual ascendance, the transition and elevation of the soul. My own path and purpose were now clear to me, though it is perhaps best described in the words of the Dark Lady Herself:

> ***'The Path is the purpose, the purpose is to walk the path.***
> ***Only once you have walked this path may you illuminate***
> ***it, at least in part, for others'***

By granting insight into the past journey of the soul, and beyond, Hecate enables Her followers to achieve a greater understanding not only of Her origins but also Her role and place in both our own past and future.

As Queen of Heaven and Earth, the Dark Goddess brings not only Her own teaching and power but also that of the many Angels, spirits and other denizens of these realms to aid us in the acquisition and balance of the power and gnosis that it is necessary to utilise at the appropriate times during our soul's evolutionary journey.

As Queen of Hell She grants, in dedication and initiation, protection to those who have entrusted themselves to Her as Her children; bringing forth the other Witchgods and Her own kin of whom Lucifer is the first, to guide and protect with infernal flame those of us who would leap the natural order, advancing upon the shadow paths in our individual quests for spiritual transmutation.

As the Goddess of all Witchcraft, Hecate gives us the rituals, teachings and gnosis which are in fact the very tools that we need in this great work as we apply the arte of magick which will enable us to access the hidden and secret gateways of sacred universal power to which the Queen of Shadows holds the keys, and in opening them succeed in our journey upon the Dark Path of Hecate.

- Mark Smith -

Initiation in the True Way by Lilit

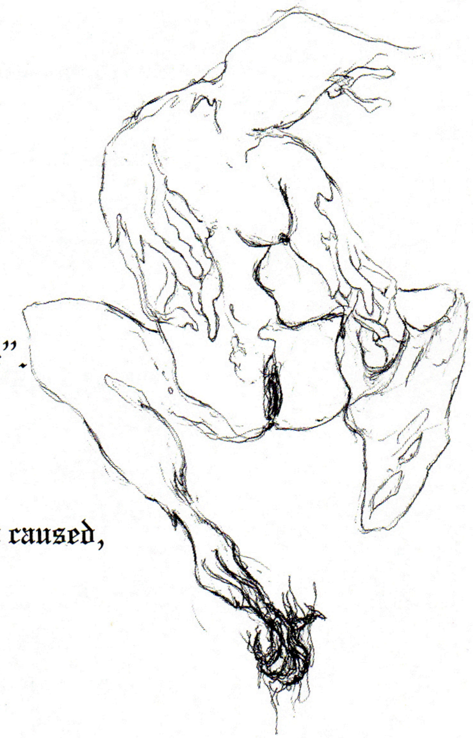
Visions of pain assail my senses,
The Blood of Life that was denied.
She now demands a reparation,
Feeding to light the fire within.

"I have inside a sleeping dragon
That must be fed for sake of all.
I exist to take Life from you
That you might Live free evermore."

"Faithful was I, yet forsaken
By illbegot Godson Adam
Never would I be forgiven
For demanding equal hand."

"Feed for me and I will Love You
Faithful till the end of time."
"Lady, I will always serve you
Wronged as you were, free you are".

From fateful night I wander now,
Feeding from the Others there
To Right the Wrongs the Godhead caused,
Giving strength to Womankind.



Servio Lilit!

G~

The Call of Lilit



She comes in dreams demanding Life
Great Liberator, Mother of Mothers.
I hear her screech-call of desire -
Blood-lust is veiling forest Moon.

A sanguine hue lights my way then
By the mist-encroaching waters
Until I meet the Beggar pleading
For his alms - I smile and pay him.

Lilim child spawn of my Lady
Appears then by my side, announcing -
"Kneel Man, here she comes,
your mistress
To command and Know you now".

I kneel as floating on towards me
Glides a vision cloaked in Night.
Blacker than the night surrounding
Is her cloak, her hair of silk.

Her face shines with a luminescence
Coalblack eyes gaze down to mine.
I look away, and feel her reaching
Cold fingers take my Heart away.

"My Way is True" a voice now whispers,
"Arise and take my hand of ice".
Floating on into the Darkness
I now am hers, that much I know.

Lilit Aeternam!

G

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